

The Comicall Historie of

To urge the thing held as a ceremony :

Nerrissa teaches me what to beleewe,
He die for't, but some woman had the Ring.

Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And suffered him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmere it : pardon me good Lady,
For by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come nere my house,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
He not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
He have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke : therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him then,
For if I do, He marre the young Clarks Pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. Marke you but that ;
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himselfe :
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but heare me :
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands Ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety : give him this,
And bid him keep it better then the other.

Anth. Here Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keep this Ring.

Bass. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him : pardon me *Bassanio*,
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high wayes
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speake not so grossly, you are all amaz'd ;

Here is a Letter, reade it at your leasure,

It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,

There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,

Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* here

Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,

And even but now return'd : I have not yet
Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,

And I have better newes in store for you,

Then you expect : unseale this letter soone,

There you shall find three of your Argosies,
Are richly come to harbour sodainly.

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this Letter.

Ant.